

**his name is richie**

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## his name is richie by ilmostro

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**Genre:** Established Relationship, M/M, Modern AU, Trans Character, Trans!Richie, eddie's the supportive boyfriend of the year, everybody's emotional about it, richie gets put on hrt, talk about needles and injections, trans richie

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**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, a nurse named Sandra

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**Summary:**

richie's been waiting to be put on testosterone since he could remember. the day may finally have come, and he needs eddie to get him through it

## his name is richie

### Author's Note:

hi guys, i just wanted to add some trigger warnings before the fic! there's a very, very detailed description of an injection and a lot of talk about needles and things of that nature. not to spoil the plot but like, i don't want anyone to read something that will affect them badly so. just letting you know! --- a lot of this is written through my experience of getting put on HRT, everybody's experience is different!

thanks for reading in advance. i hope you enjoy! :)

The waiting room is cold, AC on full blast in the mid-July heat. In the corner, two boys sat alone in hard plastic chairs. The taller one pushed his glasses back up his nose with an almost imperceptibly trembling hand, while the smaller boy kept a hand rested on the other's thigh. They were both anxious, but only one of them was going to find out news that would either make or break them today.

“Rebecca?”

The boy with the glasses looks up sharply, his knuckles white as he nervously fists his hands. He nods once, shortly, and rises from the chair. He reaches his hand down for the other boy to take, squeezing tight once he does. Together, they walk towards the front desk.

The nurse assistant has a clipboard in her hands, and she's holding the door open with her foot.

“Hi, Rebecca. How are you, honey? And this is...?” She trails off, looking at the shorter boy. He grips the hand he's holding onto tighter.

“I'm Eddie,” he says, and then gives her a hard look. “And his name is Richie. Not Rebecca, Richie.”

She blinks at him, looks at the pin on Richie's chest that says 'My pronouns are he/him', and then puts on a placating smile. "Of course. My mistake. If you two would follow me to the examination room?"

Richie shoots Eddie a grateful smile, but Eddie can see how nervous he is. The assistant leads them into the room, and instructs Richie to sit up on the examination table. She then has him sign a shit load of consent forms that she explains basically state any and all treatment he may receive was consented to. Then she pulls out a paper backwards-vest and a large paper sheet and tells him to undress completely.

"The nurse will be in shortly," she says on her way out, and then closes the door behind her.

Richie and Eddie share a look.

"Can you believe her? They have to have your name written down somewhere, you fucking told them over the phone," Eddie fumes, furious on his boyfriend's behalf. Richie smiles fondly at him as he pulls his sweater off, followed by this t-shirt, leaving him in his black half binder. He kicks off his sneakers and drops his shorts at the same time, unbalanced and wobbly, but succeeding at not falling on his ass.

Eddie picks up his discarded clothing, turning around to simultaneously give Richie his privacy to undress entirely, and also to fold his shit because that boy is a mess.

Richie coughs when he's back to sitting on the examination table, dressed in his weird paper vest. He looks unnaturally small and vulnerable sitting up on the table, long legs dangling, fidgeting with the paper on his lap.

"It's gonna be okay, Richie," Eddie reassures softly. Richie nods a little too quickly, absentmindedly ripping some of the sheet.

"I—"

There's a knock on the door. Richie's voice gets caught in his throat.

"Come in!" Eddie says for him, and an old woman peeks her head

through before entering fully.

“Hello! I’m Sandra, I’m going to be overseeing your care,” she introduces herself cheerily, a pleasant smile on her face. Eddie likes her, and he can tell Richie does too. “It’s nice to meet you, Richie. How are you feeling?”

“Nervous,” he replies, his voice just a bit more steady than before. “But excited, too.”

Sandra nods understandingly, flipping through his chart. “That’s good. It’s okay to be nervous, but I think you’re going to like what I have to say.”

Richie’s eyes shoot to meet Eddie’s, who gives him an excited smile back. Sandra pulls out a couple papers that have been stapled together.

“Your bloodwork came back great,” she tells him, scanning the front page. “I’m just going to do a short physical exam and then you should be all set! We’re starting you on testosterone, correct?”

Richie nods, looking overwhelmed and close to tears. It’s strange to see him so serious, but Eddie knows he’s been waiting for this day since they were kids. His parents never agreed with his choice to transition, and wouldn’t sign for him to start hormone replacement therapy. He had to go through puberty female, and while he never seemed too put out about it on the outside, Eddie remembered all the nights he used to hold Richie while he all but cried his heart out. Eddie had been furious with his parents, with the fact that they were robbing him of his right to be who he wanted to be, who he *was*.

Stan was the first person Richie ever told, as they were best friends, but Eddie was the one who pooled all of the loser’s money together for Richie’s first binder. He contributed the most out of any of them, knowing how hard Richie tried to pass, wearing big patterned overshirts to disguise his chest.

Richie had told him countless times that didn’t hate being transgender, that he would wear his colors with pride, and Eddie believed him, but he still did everything he could to make Richie feel

like one of the guys. He remembers the sleepover all the losers had over at Bill's house, where Richie asked for ideas on a new name that started with an 'R', and they all wrote down their suggestions and put them in a hat. Amidst the Ryans, Roberts, a Romeo someone threw in there as a joke, Ricks, and Rogers, there was one little slip of paper that read 'Richard – Richie for short'. His eyes lit up when he spotted it, and he quickly looked for some tape to brandish it on his chest.

"Richard Tozier in the *house!*" is all he cried as he stood in the middle of them all, fists on his hips like a superhero. The losers broke out in cheers, chanting his new name until Bill's mother came in to scold them for waking up Georgie.

To this day no one knows who wrote it. No one would tell. They'd agreed before Richie got there that whatever name he chose would be his own idea, not any of theirs.

He's been Richie ever since.

Eddie snaps back to the present as Nurse Sandra removes her gloves and tosses them in the garbage. Richie sits back up, presumably having just gotten his physical exam.

"Everything looks great, Richie," Sandra says happily. "I'll be giving you your first shot today and showing you how to do it properly, as well as sending you home with a packet with instructions in case you forget how, or if you want to do it in a different area. You'll be using subcutaneous needles, which means you'll be administering the testosterone into the layer of fat beneath the skin, not the muscle. I'll be doing yours on the stomach, which is usually the easiest for sub-q shots."

"Holy shit, I'm getting it today?" Richie blurts out, shock lacing his voice.

"What, did you think I was going to make you wait another 18 years? No, honey. You've waited long enough," she says, patting him on the leg. "I'll be right back with your dose and your prescription. You can put your clothes back on."

She leaves shortly after, and as the door clicks shut, Richie jumps

down from the table. Faster than Eddie's ever seen, Richie redresses up until his sweatshirt, which he keeps folded on the table. Then, he practically bounces over and drops into Eddie's lap with an excited shriek. Eddie puffs out a breath, curling his arms around Richie's skinny frame as his boyfriend pulls him into a hug.

"I did it! I'm getting my fucking shot today, Eds," Richie says into his shoulder, just loud enough so his words aren't muffled. "I'm officially on T."

Eddie squeezes him around the middle, feeling elated beyond words for the boy in his lap. "I'm so happy for you, Richie. And I'm so fucking proud of you, too."

Richie pulls back to look at his face, his eyes sparkling behind his glasses. "Proud of me? Why?"

"Because I know it was hard. And I know how long you've wanted this. I'm just— I'm really proud of you for holding out for so long," Eddie explains, swallowing as he remembers how often Richie would stand too close to the edge of the cliff in the quarry, how many times he bound his chest up so tight he couldn't breathe. The way his face would drop when he heard how puberty affected most of the gang's voices, but his never changed. But now it would. He would get to experience everything he wanted to, and Eddie couldn't be happier for him.

Richie holds Eddie's face in his hands and kisses him softly, pouring as much of his gratitude and adoration in it as he could. He loved his boyfriend so much it hurt to breath, sometimes. Eddie had been there for him from the start, and he never wavered along the way. Not even once. Richie didn't think he would ever feel the kind of love Eddie shows him each and every day, and he was so unbelievably grateful that some mysterious force or whatever the fuck decided he was good enough for someone like Eddie Kaspbrak.

The door opens, and Sandra smiles indulgently as Richie and Eddie pull away from each other and blush at getting caught. Richie slides off Eddie's lap and hops right back on the exam table. As Sandra lays out the items in her hands, she explains them: a 1mL syringe with a 25 gauge 5/8ths attachment, an 18 gauge needle packet, vial of

testosterone, alcohol wipe, and band aid. Then she goes to wash her hands.

“Make sure you always do your shot with clean hands, okay? You don’t want to contaminate the area or your needle.”

She asks Richie to lift his shirt up, and he complies. Then, she explains the process.

“First –keep your shirt up please–, you’re going to figure out where you’ll be injecting. A good rule of thumb is about two inches from the bellybutton on the right or left sides of your stomach. Always alternate sides and locations every week to avoid damaging the tissue. We’ll be doing the right side today,” she explains, grabbing the alcohol wipe and tearing the packet open. She takes the little wipe out and rubs it in clockwise, leading away from the injection site. “The point is to disinfect the area as much as possible, so always clean from the inside and out. Now, we wait for that to dry.”

Sandra then grabs the syringe. “You’ll start with the 18 gauge needle. That’s the bigger one. Your syringe will come with the 25 gauge, the one you inject with, so you have to switch them out at first. The reason for that is because testosterone is very thick. It has an oil-like viscosity to it. So, we need the larger needle to draw it out of the vial.”

She swaps the needles, carefully placing the smaller one to the side. Then she grabs the vial of testosterone. “Pop the cap off like this; don’t worry about disinfecting the vial the first time around. It’s already sterile. Now, you pull back the stopper on your syringe to your required dosage amount. Your dose is 0.5mL, so pull it to the 0.5mL mark. The point of this is that you need to put air in the vial before you draw, otherwise it won’t pull any T into your syringe. Understand so far?”

Richie nods, staring at the vial on testosterone like it was the single most important thing in the entire world. Which, at the moment, it was.

Sandra nods. “Good. Now that you have your air drawn, you stick your needle through the rubber barrier of the vial. Remember to push



the air into the vial. Now, flip the vial upside down and draw your dosage.” She carefully draws the 0.5mL with ease, and the yellowish oil slowly fills the syringe. She flips the vial back over and removes the syringe, careful not to displace the plunger. “Now, pull back on the plunger to remove all the testosterone from the needle. Place the cap back on it, twist it like so to remove it, and set it aside. Its job is done! It’s the 25 gauge’s turn now.”

She twists the much tinier needle onto the syringe, securing it. “Now what you’re going to want to do is carefully remove the air from the syringe, until your testosterone is *just* at the tip of the needle. Tap out any little air bubbles like this,” she flicks the syringe with the back of her finger until the bubbles rise up and disappear. “And that’s all done! Now, to inject.”

She gives Richie a bracing smile. “Your boyfriend can hold your hand for this part, if you want him to. It shouldn’t hurt, just a tiny pinch, but a lot of my patients say it helps.”

He looks over at Eddie and beckons him with a single look, and Eddie is immediately at his side, holding his sweaty hand. Sandra gives him a small smile too.

She reaches forward with her free hand and gently pinches about an inch of skin in the area they disinfected earlier. “Grab some of your skin like this, about an inch or so. You’re going to release it as soon as the needle is in, or you can choose to continue to grasp it. It’s your choice. This part is important though, so listen carefully. Always inject at a 45 degree angle, okay? That’s important for sub-q shots. And when you inject, don’t be slow about it. No hesitation, no fear. Just slide that sucker right in. Oh! And one more thing. Do me a favor and always, always, always aspirate before you inject. This is to make sure you didn’t hit a vein, and there is not blood in your needle. That would be really bad, and it will feel like you’re having a heart attack, and you may have to go to the hospital and all this bad stuff so just aspirate, alright? I’ll show you how. Okay, here we go.”

She shifts forward, angles the syringe, and slides it in quickly.

“Oh,” Richie says, surprised. “It didn’t hurt.”

Sandy smiles. "I told you! No fear. Now, this is how you aspirate." She lets go of the skin she was holding and gently grabs both end of the syringe; one side to steady and the other to begin aspiration. "Hold your needle steady, and gently pull back on the plunger to see if any blood enters the syringe. If not, you're good. If it does, take the needle out, swap it for a new one, and inject in a different area."

She aspirates, and no blood comes up. "Great! Now we push the testosterone in. It's thick, so it'll go slowly." She administers the shot steadily, and soon enough the syringe is empty. Eddie squeezes Richie's hand happily. Sandy removes the needle quickly, caps it, and sets it on the table. Then she grabs the band aid, unwrapping it and putting it over the injection site.

"Sometimes a little blood or testosterone will leak out, and that's okay. That's nothing to worry about. Just slap a bandage on and voila! You're done. Congratulations, Richie. Happy birthday!" She cheers, clapping her hands.

Richie surprises himself by crying. Eddie immediately pulls him into a hug, rubbing his back as Sandy smiles understandingly and deposits the used needles into the biohazard box in the room. She cleans the rest of the station up, washes her hands, and then takes her pad out to write up his prescription.

Richie pulls away from Eddie's embrace, lifting his shirt to look at the band aid again. He couldn't believe he was officially on T.

"Thank you," he breathes out shakily, and Sandra reaches out to pat his leg.

"You're more than welcome, honey. Here's your prescription. It's enough for three months, and then I want to see you back here for some bloodwork to see what your hormone levels are. The receptionist will make an appointment for you at the desk."

He takes the little paper from her, sliding off the examination table. Eddie grabs his forgotten sweatshirt, and they exit the room. Sandra hands them off to the front desk and then whisks off to see her next patient.

Richie reaches for his hand and doesn't let go.

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Eddie drives them to Stan's house after they drop his prescription off to the pharmacy. Stan had texted Richie earlier saying he wanted to see him after his appointment.

They pull up to his driveway and park off to the side, behind Stan's old Toyota Camry. The front door is open when they reach it, so Richie just shrugs and walks inside the curiously dark house, Eddie trailing after him.

“SURPRISE!”

The lights switch on, and there stand all of their friends, arms raised in celebration, party hats on their heads. Behind them, there's an endearingly homemade banner that reads 'Happy Birthday Richie!!!', accompanied by streamers taped up every which way and balloons all over. Like, *all* over.

Richie startles, almost bumping into Eddie who's still standing behind him, a massive smile on his face. Their friends all rush forward, crushing him into one giant group hug.

Stan is the first to break off. “Well? How'd it go?”

The rest of them step back to hear how it went. Richie puts on a dejected frown, shrugging his shoulders.

“I...” They all lean forward, concerned. “...have officially received my man card, mother *fuckers* !” Richie shouts, pulling up his shirt to expose his band aid, wearing the biggest smile any of them have seen on him in a long, long time.

Beverly smacks his arm. “Don't fucking scare us like that, douchebag!”

Richie laughs, lowering his shirt. “Sorry dudes, I couldn't resist.”

He pulls them back in for a group hug again, looking over their shoulders and spotting a giant cake in the center of Stan's dining room table. “Holy shit, is that cake?”

He pushes past them and rushes up to it. There's a single candle in the middle of the white frosting, and underneath someone's messy handwriting reads, 'It's a boy!'

Richie is *positive* Ben wrote it. He turns back around and looks at each and every one of them. "I... thanks, guys. This is- this is awesome."

He rubs the back of his neck awkwardly as they all coo at him teasingly.

"Look, we got him all choked up," Mike jokes, pressing his hand over his heart and pouting at him.

"He's g-gonna choke *y-you* if you keep that s-s-shit up," Bill laughs, poking him in the ribs.

"Open my present first, Richie!" Ben insists, which leads to all of them arguing about whose gift he should open first. Eddie stands next to them, subtly pulling his own little box halfway out of his pocket and letting Richie see it, winking at him when he does.

He loves these fucking losers so much.

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Later on, after they've sung him happy birthday and distributed cake and opened gifts (Richie has a *lot* of restaurant gift cards to spend now), and the group has settled down for a movie, Eddie grabs hold of his hand and leads him out the backdoor, telling the others they'll be right back

In response, they all make various, obscene noises. Assholes.

Eddie takes him to the old swing set in Stan's backyard, and together they sit, swaying lightly. The back porch lights automatically come on when the sun sets, as it has, and they give the backyard a soft, dreamlike glow

"What'd'ya get for me, Eddie 'ol pal?" Richie pries, nudging his shoe against Eddie's. His boyfriend gives him a soft, oddly serious look,

and pulls the little box out of his pocket. He hands it over without a word.

Richie carefully unwraps it –okay, as carefully as *Richie* can be– and finds a smaller box inside the original box. His lips quirk up in a smile as he removes it and takes the top off, only to find an even *smaller* box in that. He huffs out a laugh and opens *that* box, revealing nothing.

“Eddie–” he turns his head to ask his boyfriend what the hell was going on, only to find that he’s moved from the swing to the ground. Specifically, from the swing to *kneeling on one knee* on the ground.

“*Eddie*–” he says again, heart racing. Eddie shakes his head, smiling so fondly at him it hurts his chest.

“Relax, Richie,” he says softly. “I’m not proposing. We’re like, barely 18.”

Richie runs a hand through his wild hair, his pulse steadily returning back to normal. “Then what the hell are you doing?”

Eddie takes a deep breath. “I’m... promising.”

“Promising? What in the f–”

“Richie, hold the fuck on for like, *one* second. Let me finish,” Eddie says exasperatedly. Richie mimes zipping his mouth shut. “Thank you. I’m promising you that I am always, always going to be right by your side. I can’t promise we’ll be together forever, or whatever the fuck, but I promise I’ll always be there for you. I will always *love* you with everything I have. I’m never going to let you down, or make you deal with anything alone. I will always answer the phone when you call, or text, or knock on my fucking window at 3 am.” Richie laughs breathlessly at that, his eyes glued to the pocket Eddie’s reaching into.

He pulls out a simple, silver band with a single twist in it, and takes a shaky breath. “This is for you. To remind you of my promise, and to remind you that you always have a number to call when you need one.”

Eddie holds it out, his hand trembling. Richie stares at it, and then at his boyfriend. He looks at his windswept hair, his big, brown eyes, the tight set of his mouth. He looks down at his knee in the grass, probably already stained, but he's kneeling there nonetheless. He looks at this boy, this wonderful, high-strung boy, and he loves him.

He holds out his hand.